

Whither must I wander?

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Andante. *mf tranquillo*

VOICE. Home no more home to me,..

PIANO. *f* *p* *p* *legato*

whi-ther must I wan-der? Hun-ger my dri-ver, I go...where I must.

Cold blows the win-ter wind o-ver hill and hea-ther: Thick drives the

risoluto

rain and my roof is in the dust. Lov'd of... wise men was the

sf *poco rit.*

shade of my roof-tree, The true word of welcome was spoken in the door:--

sf *poco rall.*

a tempo *p* *pp*

Dear days of old...with the faces in the fire - light; Kind folks of

pp a tempo *pp*

old, you come a - gain no more.

colla voce *f*

mf

Home was home then, my dear, full of kind-ly fa - ces, Home was home then, my dear,

p

hap-py for the child. Fire and the win-dows bright glit-tered on the moor -

dim.

- land; Song, tune-ful song, built a pa-lace in the wild.

pp

risoluto

Now when day dawns on the brow of the moor-land, Lone stands the house and the

ff *poco rit.* *a tempo* *p*

chimney-stone is cold. Lone let it stand now the friends are all de-part-

-ed, The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

colla voce

pp

Spring shall come, come a-gain, calling up the moor-fowl, Spring shall bring the sun and rain,

pp legato

bring the bees and flowers; Red shall the heather bloom o-ver hill and val-

ley, Soft flow the stream through the e-ven flow-ing hours.

Fair the day shine as it shone on my child-hood; Fair shine the day on the

house with o-pen door. Birds come and cry there and twit-ter in the chim-

pp *poco rit.* *a tempo*

-ney— But I go for e-ver and come a-gain no more

molto rall.

colla voce